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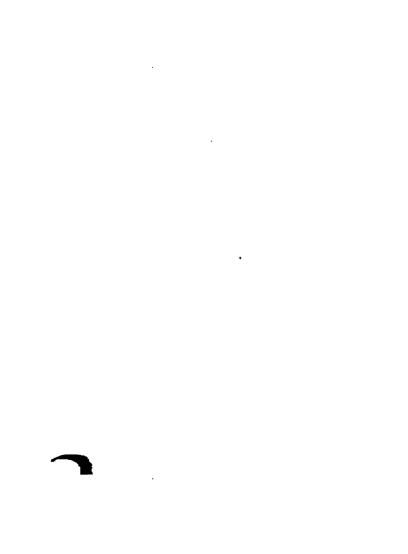
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HOPEFULLY WAITING.

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Hopefully Waiting,

AND OTHER POEMS.

COMPANION VOLUME TO

OUR HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.



GLASGOW:
DAVID BRYCE AND SON.
1879.

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THIS Volume contains some choice Poems by Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, of New York, compiler of the American edition of the "Changed Cross and other Religious Poems," together with many other stray pieces collected by him, and to which are added Poems of a kindred nature not generally found in other collections.

The favour with which "OUR HOME BEYOND THE TIDE" was received encouraged the publication of this Companion Volume, which it is hoped will prove a welcome addition to this class of literature.

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HOPEFULLY WAITING,

AND OTHER POEMS.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they that are Homesick, for they shall come at last to the Father's House."—HEINRICH STILLING.

NoT as you meant, O learned man and good,
Do I accept thy words of hope and rest;
God knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what he could,
Nor always as I would!
I shall go to the Father's House and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face,
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a homesick child, who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away, And leaves us our appointed work to do, 8 Can we to him or to ourselves be true, In mourning his departure day by day, And so our work delay? Nay, if we love and honour, we shall make

The absence brief by doing well our task, Not for ourselves, but for the dear one's sake; And at his coming only of him ask Approval of the work, which most was done, Not for ourselves, but our beloved one!

Our Father's House, I know, is broad and In it how many, many mansions are! And far beyond the light of sun or star, Four little ones of mine through that fair land Are walking hand in hand! Think you I love not, or that I forget These of my loins? Still this world is fair, And I am singing while my eyes are wet With weeping in this balmy summer air; Yet I'm not homesick, and the children here Have need of me, and so my way is clear!

I would be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
Life's heaviest cross is mine for evermore;
And I, who wait his coming, shall not I
On his sure word rely?
So if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
Let me be mindful that these things must be,
To work his blessèd will until he come,
And take my hand and lead me safely home.



BRIDGES.

ī.

A BRIDGE within my heart,
Known as the "Bridge of Sighs,"
That stretches from life's sunny part
To where its darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tides below,
How spread the shadows on the land,—
How dark the waters grow!

Then as they wind their way along To sorrow's bitter sea, How mournful is the spirit-song That upward floats to me.

A song that breathes of blessings dead, Of joys no longer known, And pleasures gone,—their distant tread Now to an echo grown. And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
Soon shut the present out;
The good but in the past appears,
The future full of doubt.

Oh, often then doth deeper grow
The night that round me lies;
I would that life had run its flow,
Or never found its rise.

II.

A Bridge within my heart, Known as the Bridge of Faith; It spans by a mysterious art The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tides below,
How glorious looks the sunny land,—
How clear the waters flow!

Then as they wind their way along
And to a distant sea,
I listen to the angel-song
That sweetly floats to me.

A song of blessings never sere,
Of love beyond compare;
And life so vexed and troublous here,
So calm and perfect there.

And hearing thus, a peace divine Soon shuts each sorrow out, And all is hopeful and benign, Where all was fear and doubt.

Oh, ever then will brighter grow
The light that round me lies;
I see from life's beclouded flow
A crystal stream arise!

RICH, THOUGH POOR.

No rood of land in all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare of gold or gems
Do any keep for me:
As yesterday I wrought for bread,
So must I toil to-day;
Yet some are not so rich as I,
Nor I so poor as they.

On yonder tree the sunlight falls,
The robin's on the bough;
Still I can hear a merrier note
Than he is warbling now:
He's but an Arab of the sky,
And never lingers long;
But this o'erruns the livelong year,
With music and with song.

Come, gather round me, merry ones,
And here as I sit down,
With shouts of laughter on me place
A mimic regal crown.
Say, childless King, would I accept
Your armies and domain,
Or e'en your crown, and never feel
These little hands again?

There's more of honour in their touch,
And blessing unto me,
Than kingdom unto kingdom joined,
Or navies on the sea:
So greater gifts by them are brought
Than Sheba's Queen did bring
To him who at Jerusalem
Was born to be a king.

Look at my crown and then at yours,
Look in my heart and thine;
How do our jewels now compare,—
The earthly and divine?
Hold up your diamonds to the light,
Emerald and amethyst;
They're nothing to these love-lit eyes,
Those lips so often kissed!

"O noblest Roman of them all!"
That mother good and wise,
Who pointed to her little ones,
The jewels of her eyes:
Four sparkle in my own to-day,
Two deck a sinless brow;
How grow my riches at the thought
Of those in glory now!

And still no rood of all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
No treasures rare of gold or gems
Are safely kept for me:
Yet I am rich—myself a king!
And here is my domain;
Which only God shall take away
To give me back again!

EARTH TO EARTH.

HERE are flowers, dead and gone,
All their sweetness is withdrawn;
Look upon these faded leaves,
Whereunto no beauty cleaves;
Look upon these withered stems,
They have lost their gold and gems;
Back to thee, O Earth, I give
What for me no more doth live.

Other flowers of mine thou hast, Upon which a death hath passed; Sweeter flowers than these were they, But their life has sped away, And for them a bed was made By the sexton's busy spade; Back to thee, O Earth, I gave What I could not spare or save!

Still rich flowers thou hast of mine, And not long shall they be thine; Sweetest sweets are soonest gone, What is best is first withdrawn; In the sunlight, in the shade, Some will sicken, some shall fade; One by one I shall receive, Caring not how much you grieve.

This, O Earth! thy voice to me, Softly saith and mournfully, While my heart is sore with pain, Sitting with the dead again; While a mist is in my eyes, And the night about me lies; Now thy voice of solemn tone Speaketh of thy realm alone,

While a better Voice I hear,
Falling from another sphere;
Earth! thou shalt not always keep
These of mine that with thee sleep;
What I give thee back to-day,
Keep, and welcome, keep for aye;
But the others are not thine,
They are God's, and will be mine,
When upon thy pulseless breast
I shall lay me down to rest.

LITTLE BESSIE,

AND THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

H UG me closer, closer, Mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, Mother,
And I feel so strange to-night!
Something hurts me here, dear Mother,
Like a stone upon my breast:
Oh, I wonder, wonder, Mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said,—
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wished he'd come and take me
In his arms that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.

All at once the window opened:
In a field were lambs and sheep;
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,

Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered, if he saw me,

Would he speak to such as me;
In a moment I was looking

On a world so bright and fair,

Which was full of little children,

And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh how sweetly!

Sweeter songs I never heard;

They were singing sweeter, Mother,

Than our little yellow bird;

And while I my breath was holding,

One, so bright, upon me smiled,

And I knew it must be Jesus,

When he said, "Come here, my child.

"Come up here, my little Bessie, Come up here and live with me, Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see;"
Then I thought of all you'd told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me; I would go;
Oh to sleep, and never suffer;—
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, Mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh how much I love you, Mother;
And I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest;
At the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her Mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep \

FAR OFF, YET NEAR.

Once more, as at the opening of the day, I read thy Word;
And now, in all I read, I hear thee say,
"To those who love I will be ever near;"
And yet while this I hear,
To me, O Lord, thou seemest far away.

Thou Sovereign One,
Greater than mightiest kings, can it be fear,
Or blinding sun
Made by thy glory, so if thou art here,
I cannot see thee; yet this Word declares
That whoso loves, and bears
Thy Holy Name, shall have thee ever near!

I bear thy name;
That love, dear Lord, have I not long confessed,
Thy love's the same
As when, like John, I leaned upon thy breast,
And knew I loved; oh, which of us had changed?
Am I from thee estranged?
O Lord, thou changest not: I know the rest!

My doubting heart
Trembles with its own weakness, and afraid
I dwell apart
From thee, on whom alone my hope is stayed:
I would, and yet I do not know thy will
And perfect love; am still
Trusting myself, to be by self betrayed.

O blessed Lord!

Far off, yet near, on me new grace bestow,
As on thy Word

I go to meet thee; even now, I know

Thou nearer art than when my quest began;
One cry, and thy feet ran

To meet me; Lord, I will not let thee go!

BY FAITH AND PATIENCE.

EEP on sowing:
God will cause the seeds to grow
Faster than your knowing;
Nothing e'er is sown in vain,
If, his voice obeying,
You look upward for the rain,
And falter not in praying.

SARRATH MORNING.

Keep on praying:
In the brightest, darkest day,
Still his voice obeying;
Never from the gates of prayer
Turn with doubting sorrow,
For the One who standeth there
May answer you to-morrow!

SABBATH MORNING.

O DAY of love and calm delight, "The brightest of the seven";
O precious foretaste of the rest
And blessedness of heaven.

The birds have sung since morning broke
And yonder moon grew dim:
They never had so sweet a voice,
Or sang a sweeter hymn.

The river that at yester eve
Dashed wildly on the shore,
Moves calmly downward to the sea,
That vexes it no more.

Where'er I turn to hill or plain, Above me or around, A quiet fills the outward world, Like that within me found.

O blessed scene of peace and love, That seems to heaven akin, Is this a world of pain and death, Of sorrow and of sin?

Shall the sweet birds forget their song, And tempests sweep the river? This blissful scene, my quiet heart, Remain unchanged for ever?

The coming eve may bring the wind, The early morn the rain, And backward send the noisy world, To fill my heart again!

Come night of wind, or morn of rain,
Or changes sad to see;
If, Lord, thou art my refuge still,
Why should they trouble me?

HAPPIEST DAYS.

THEY tell us, Love, that you and I, Our happiest days are seeing, While yet is shut from either's eye The changes of our being. Ah! life they say's a weary way, With less of joy than sorrow,— That where the sunlight falls to-day, There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear The test of change and sorrow, And only deeper channels wear In passing to each morrow, Then better were it that to-day We fervently were praying, That all we have might pass away While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness, As well as depths of pleasure, And those who love, love not unless They both of these can measure; There is a time—'t will surely come— When each this must discover, And woe if either then be dumb. To that which moved the lover.

There are some spots where each will fall,
Where each will need sustaining;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining.
Then wherefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavour?

Then while these happy days we bless,
Let us no doubt be sowing;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though he should change the showing.
Such be our faith, as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by his hand are led,
And hear what he is saying.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT! a sweet voice laughing said; And by the hope within me born, I knew we only said Good-night To meet again at morn.

Good-night! one time it softly said;
And by the heavy heart I bore,
I knew full well we said Good-night,—
Good-night, for evermore.

Ah, sweet it was to say Good-night,
When morning could our joys restore;
What grief to part beneath the stars,
And meet on earth no more!

MARGARET BROWN.

I.

HARD by the brook, beyond the town,
Where stands the leafless locust-tree,
There is a cottage, old and brown,
Which rearward looks upon the town,
But faces to the sea.

The walks with grass are overgrown,
And weeds fill up the garden-bed;
The moss clings to the stepping-stone,
And from the tree the birds have flown,
Now that the tree is dead.

Mid all these dreary signs without,
And scarce a sound of life within,
The passer stops and looks about,
As half in fear and half in doubt
Of what may here have been.

Ah, 'tis a simple tale and rare
Of life the stranger cannot know,—
There is a presence in the air,
As if of angels watching there,
Or passing to and fro.

Here Margaret lives, "Old Margaret Brown,"—
Thus doth the clerk her name record,—
With what is given by the town;
Nor notes what daily is sent down
In blessings from the Lord.

Here she was born and here was wed, Here grew her children by her side, Till one by one from her they fled,— And there they kild her husband dead, Brought shoreward by the tide.

Thus blessings came, thus from her went,—
God's love by sun and shadow shown;
You say a heart so torn and rent,
With all its loving forces spent,
Might harden into stone?

Ah, years did follow, all unblessed,—
How bleak was all the world,—how dark!
Her wandering soul, in search of rest,
Only the gloom and waste possessed,
Nor found the only ark!

Oh, faithless soul that would not know,
Who ever watched or went before;
And sought in all those waves of woe,
In all their flood and overflow,
To give thee peace once more.

IT.

Oh, happy day, but all too brief,
And night more precious still than day,
When she obtained the dear relief,
That left her still the sense of grief,
But stole the sting away.

She sat in silence with her dead,
When Jesus came and called her name;
One answering word, and fear and dread
Went out, and unto her, instead,
A holy quiet came.

Oh, change that did her soul astound;
The Lord had come and talked with her,
And all her grief with comfort crowned;
She had once more the Master found,
Beside the sepulchre.

Long years have passed—poor, blind, and old, She waits until God's will is done; And yet her closèd eyes behold That world of glories manifold, And Jesus as the sun.

What if the sea roar up the beach,
The leafless tree the sound prolong;
Her soul its resting-place can reach,
Still tune the common words of speech
Into a thankful song.

What if the stone no more be pressed
By steps that woke a welcome sound;
Her loving heart is full of rest,—
With her abides a heavenly guest,—
The Lord whom she has found.

And if the birds have spread the wing,
The walk with grass be overgrown;
She seems to hear the downward ring
Of songs, such as the angels sing,
Where sorrow is unknown!

O world, with all thy pomp and pride, So poor, so full of doubt and fear; Lo, Christ, with gifts to thee denied, Has every longing satisfied, And built his temple here!

FAIRY TALES.*

THE picture of a little child
That comes to us from o'er the sea;
Why hath it thus my heart beguiled,—
Why such a charm for me?

Before it oft I stop and gaze,
And pass the rarer pictures by,
Until the shopman, in amaze,
Would seem to ask me why.

He does not know, nor need I tell, Where, in that face, a look I see Of one, who for a while did dwell On earth to comfort me.

The picture of a little child,—
A book, a child, and nothing more;
And she to quiet reconciled
By Fairy Tales of yore.

^{*} A picture by a foreign artist of a little child seated and reading a large book.

What joy, what wonder on her face,
And such as children only know;
And Art has caught each changeful grace,
And will not let it go.

O childish face! thou art not mute,

Thou giv'st my thoughts mysterious range;

Here in thy presence I compute

A story sweet and strange;

The story of a little life,
So brief, and yet withal so sweet;
'T would seem a dream, but for the strife
That made the life complete.

Thus many a time in days gone by,
A child, who dwells with us no more,
(How deep the shadows now that lie
Where sunlight was before,)

Would sit, a book within her hand, Her eye intent upon the page, As though she well did understand What did her sight engage. O blessed child! I see thee still!

My heart o'erleaps the solemn years,

And eyes thou once with light didst fill,

Thou fillest now with tears.

And yet through Sorrow's cloud and mist My eager sight is swift to run Through sapphire hues, and amethyst, And glory of the Sun;

Until thy face, with wondrous change, I, as in vision, clearly see; O child of mine, O marvel strange! What might I learn of thee!

Two score of years, what have they brought
Of knowledge to compare with thine?
The narrow reach of human thought,
To that which is divine!

The mysteries of our mortal state, At which I shrink as they unfold; Nor fear nor wonder can create In them who God behold! Sweet child, not mine as heretofore, Still mine in glory yet to be; Dear Lord, could I desire more Concerning her of thee?

O throbbing heart! thy longings cease; Come, patient Lord, thy grace bestow, And turn this sorrow into peace, That shall more perfect grow.

This picture of a little child,

By one who dwells across the sea,

Thus hath it oft my heart beguiled,

And been a joy to me!

THE COLOUR-SERGEANT.

YOU say that in every battle
No soldier was braver than he,
As, aloft in the roar and the rattle
He carried the Flag of the Free?
I knew, ah! I knew he'd ne'er falter,
I could trust him, the dutiful boy;
My Robert was wilful,—but Walter,
Dear Walter was ever a joy.

And if he was true to his mother, Do you think he his trust would betray And give up his place to another, Or turn from the danger away? He knew while afar he was straying, He felt in the thick of the fight, That at home his poor mother was praying For him and the cause of the Right!

Tell me, comrade, who saw him when dying, What he said, what he did, if you can; On the field in his agony lying, Did he suffer and die like a man? Do you think he once wished he had never Borne arms for the Right and the True? Nay, he shouted, "Our country forever!" When he died he was praying for you!

O my darling! my youngest and fairest, Whom I gathered so close to my breast; I called thee my dearest and rarest, And thou wert my purest and best! I tell you, O friend! as a mother, Whose full heart is breaking to-day, The Infinite Father—none other— Can know what He's taken away.

I thank you once more for your kindness,—
For this lock of his bright auburn hair;—
Perhaps 't is the one I in blindness
Last touched, as we parted just there!
When he asked, through his tears, should he linge
From duty, I answered him, Nay;
And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
The ring I am wearing to-day.

I watched him leap into that meadow:

There a child he with others had played;
I saw him pass slowly the shadow

Of the trees where his father was laid;
And there, where the road meets two others,

Without turning he went on his way;
Once his face towards the foe, not his mother's

Should unman him, or cause him delay.

It may be that some day your duty
Will carry you that way again,
When the field shall be riper in beauty,
Enriched by the blood of the slain:
Would you see if the grasses are growing
On the grave of my boy? Will you see
If a flower, e'en the smallest, is blowing,
And pluck it, and send it to me?

Don't think, in my grief, I'm complaining; I gave him, God took him,—'t is right; And the cry of his mother remaining Shall strengthen his comrades in fight. Not for vengeance, to-day, in my weeping, Goes my prayer to the Infinite throne; God pity the foe when he's reaping The harvest of what he has sown!

Tell his comrades these words of his mother:
All over the wide land to-day
The Rachels, who weep with each other,
Together in agony pray.
They know, in their great tribulation,
By the blood of their children outpoured.

We shall smite down the foes of the Nation
In the terrible day of the Lord.

LITTLE LUCY, AND THE SONG SHE SUNG.

I.

A LITTLE child, six summers old,—
So thoughtful and so fair,
There seemed about her pleasant ways
A more than childish air,—

Was sitting on a summer eve Beneath a spreading tree, Intent upon an ancient book That lay upon her knee,

She turned each page with careful hand, And strained her sight to see, Until the drowsy shadows slept Then closed the book, and upward looked, And straight began to sing. A simple verse of hopeful love-This very childish thing: "While here below, how sweet to know His wondrous love and story; And then, through grace, to see his face, And live with him in glory!"

11.

That little child, one dreary night Of winter wind and storm, Was tossing on a weary couch Her weak and wasted form;



And in her pain, and in its pause,
But clasped her hands in prayer—
(Strange that we had no thoughts of heaven
While hers were only there)—

Until she said: "O mother dear,
How sad you seem to be!
Have you forgotten that he said
'Let children come to me'?
Dear mother, bring the blessed Book,—
Come, mother, let us sing."
And then again, with faltering tongue,
She sung that childish thing:
"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story;
And then, through grace, to see his face,
And live with him in glory!"

III:

Underneath a spreading tree
A narrow mound is seen,
Which first was covered by the snow,
Then blossomed into green;

Here first I heard that childish voice

That sings on earth no more;
In heaven it hath a richer tone,
And sweeter than before:

"For those who know his love below"—
So runs the wondrous story—

"In heaven, through grace, shall see his face

And dwell with him in glory!"

THE ABSENT LORD.

MY Lord was taken from me: day by day
My heart grew sadder with the sins it
bore,

While many dulcet voices came to say,

Why weepest thou? If he come back no
more,

Give o'er thy sorrow, needless at the best.

So I their call obeyed,

And knew not, yet would know where he was laid,

And could not be at rest.

I was a wanderer thence from place to place;
I questioned some who sat within the gate,
And saw the play of the incredulous face;
On others scanned the look of scorn and hate.
My heart grew hard,—I say not how or why,—
While oft my search was stayed;
And then I cared not where my Master laid,
Or would his name deny.

Thus in the day I could my loss forget,
Or he was crowded from me by the press;
At night my soul with many fears beset,
Would oft with tears its shame and loss confess,
And sick, alone, afraid,
Cry out, O world, tell where my Lord is laid,
Or let me love thee less.

One time I thought on Peter in the hall,
And soon of Mary waiting at the grave;
Then of the smiting of the threat'ning Saul,—
And was not Jesus near to help and save?
O light that came, and why the long delay?
I had my Lord conveyed
Afar, forgetting where he had been laid,
And gone upon my way.

My way, and he had risen to follow me,—
Me all unworthy, ne'er by him forgot;
O wondrous love, that could so patient be!
My eyes were holden that I knew him
not!

Peace came at last, as to the twain that day
Who from Jerusalem strayed;
And while they talked of where he had been
laid,

He met them by the way!

SOJOURNING, AS AT AN INN.

I LOOK abroad upon the verdant fields,
The song of birds is on the summer air;
Within, how many a treasure something yields,
To bless my life and round the edge of care;

And yet the earth and air,
All that seems good and fair,
That still is mine or for a time hath been,
Now teach me I am but a pilgrim here,
Without a home, and dwelling at an inn.

Not always has the outlook been so clear:

There have been days when stormy gusts went
by,—

Nights when my wearied heart was full of fear,
And God seemed farther off than stars and sky;
Yet then, when grief was nigh,
My soul could sometimes cry
Out of the depths of sorrow and of sin,
That at the worst I was but pilgrim here,
With home beyond, while dwelling at an inn.

Now I complain not of this life of mine,
I less of shade have had than of the sun;
The gracious Father, with a hand divine,
Has crowned with mercies his unworthy one;
My cup has overrun,
And I, his will undone,
Have changed his countless blessings into sin,
As I forgot I was but pilgrim here,
Homeless at best, and dwelling at an inn.

Look on me, Lord! Have I not need to pray
That this fair world, that gives so much to me,
Serve not to lead my steps so far astray
That at the end I stand afar from thee

Dear Lord, let this not be;
Nay, rather let me see
Beyond this life my happiest days begin;
And singing on my way, a pilgrim here,
Rejoice that I am dwelling at an inn.

Dear Son of God! by whom the world was made,
Yet homeless—had not where to lay thy head,
(Not e'en by kindred was thy body laid
In Joseph's tomb, thou Lord of quick and
dead!)

By thy example led,
Of me may it be said,
When I shall rest and perfect peace begin,
He lived as one who was a pilgrim here,
And found his home while dwelling at an inn.

THE WILD FLOWER.

I T grew upon a sloping bank,
Beside a common stone;
There in the starry silence drank
The dews of heaven alone.

Uncared for, and by some unseen,
It lived serenely there,
To grace one little spot of green,
And bless the common air.

The idle dreamer passing by No gladness from it caught; It could not fill his restless eye, Or waken pleasant thought.

So may I pass my humble lot, Content to be unknown, If thus from me some hidden spot A touch of sweetness own.

THE LOVING MASTER.

" $A^{\rm ND}$ the same night in which he was betrayed,"

(So runs the record of that Feast of thine,)
While the Eleven joyous, yet afraid,
Scarce knewthe meaning of the bread and wine,
And on the Other heavy guilt was laid,
Nor fear nor knowledge touched thy love
divine.

What if thy coming death the hour oppressed,

No human grief should on the service wait,
Or guilt of one then sadden or abate
The grace and peace that served the loyal guest.
Dear, patient Lord, if at thy Table here
I sit unworthy, let not this withhold
Thy Love from any: unto all appear,
O Christ, as to thy faithful ones of old!

THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

A PILGRIM with his lot content,
Nor seeking rest below,
Now to the land that lies beyond
With steadfast heart I go.
O foolish world, I ask no more
Thy willing guest to be;
Mine is the rich and heavenly feast,
And Jesus sups with me.

Full often where I take my way
Are pastures green and fair,
And living waters, cool and sweet,
Which all the pilgrims share.

Oh, never has the day seemed long, The night proved drear or cold, So that I heard his loving voice, Or rested in the fold!

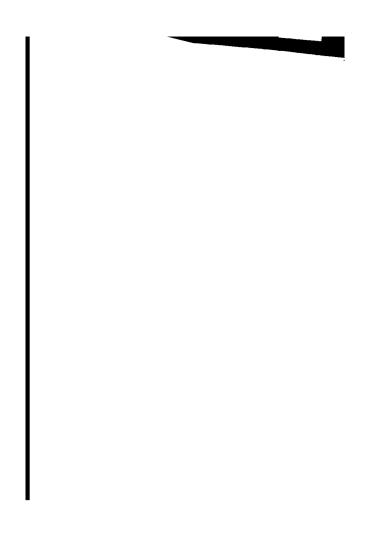
You wonder at the songs I sing,
That so my face should shine;
Remember, friends, that I am His,
And He forever mine:
So I a pilgrim through the world
A princely portion share,
While He makes every burden light,
Or doth the burden bear!

Come then, and as a pilgrim gain
A bliss unknown before;
Though crowded is the way and straight,
There still is room for more:
What if the way be rough to-day,
The night prove drear or cold,
It shall not change his loving voice,
Or shut us from the fold!

A HOUSEHOLD LAMENTATION.

- ROOM, Mother Earth, upon thy breast for this young child of ours;
- Give her a quiet resting-place among thy buds and flowers;
- Oh, take her gently from our arms into thy silent fold,
- For she is calmly beautiful, and scarcely two years old,
- And ever since she breathed on us hath tender nursing known:
- No wonder that with aching hearts we leave her here alone.
- How we shall miss the roguish glee, the ever merry voice,
- That in the darkest, dreariest day would make us to rejoice!
- How sweet was every morning kiss, each parting for the night,
- Her lisping words, that on us fell as gently as the light!

- But Death came softly to the spot where she was wont to rest,
- And bade us take her from our home and lay her on thy breast.
- So, Mother, thou hast one child more, and we a darling less;
- One sunny spot in all our hearts seems now a wilderness.
- From which the warm light of the Spring has wandered swift and far,
- And nothing there of radiance left but Memory's solemn star;
- We gaze a moment on its light, then sadly turn aside,
- As though we now had none to love, and all with her had died.
- Mother, we know we should rejoice that she has gone before—
- Gone where the withering hand of Death shall never touch her more,
- Up to the clime of sinless souls, a golden harp to bear,



And join the everlasting song of singing children there;

Yet, when we think how dear she was to us in her brief stay,

We can but weep that one so sweet so early passed away.

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

ı.

HEAR a shout of merriment,
A laughing boy I see;
Two little feet the carpet press,
And bring the child to me.

TT.

Two little arms are round my neck, Two feet upon my knee; How fall the kisses on my cheek! How sweet they are to me!

III.

That merry shout no more I hear, No laughing child I see; No little arms are round my neck, Or feet upon my knee. IV.

No kisses drop upon my cheek,—
Those lips are sealed to me;
Dear Lord, how could I give him up
To any but to thee?

NO ROOM FOR HIM.

THE children heard me read again the story
Of our dear Lord's coming to the earth;
How he gave up his home of heavenly glory,
To bear the sorrows of our mortal birth,—
Came, too, in manner so unknown, so lowly,
Of parentage to poverty akin,
That no one seemed to think that he was holy,
No room waiting for him at the inn.

They could not comprehend this strange rejection,
This ignorance of him who came to save;
And wondered why the Star, with sure direction,
Knowledge only to the Wise Men gave:
When all the world for want of him was dying,—
Even little children full of sin;—
Their only Saviour with the cattle lying,
No one saying, Come into the inn

Ah, I could see their young hearts fondly turning Toward the Christ rejected by the Jews: Heavenly Master, all of life discerning, Shall these ever thy dear love refuse? They might have known, said they, that it was Fesus,

And the way they treated him a sin:

And, Father, don't you think that God, who sees us,

Knows we would have told him to come in?

Out of the mouths of babes, O Sovereign Teacher,
Thou dost praise to thy great name ordain;
The child unto the Father comes as preacher,
And the message makes the duty plain:
The young heart at the manger overfloweth,
Counts thy treatment by the Jews as sin;
Nor dreams that one who all thy suffering knoweth,
Ever said he would not let thee in.

Thou Son of Mary, when at Bethlehem lying,
Few there were thy kingly nature knew;
And the wretched world thy name denying,
Pierced thy soul with sorrows through and
through.

No wonder that the ignorant, unbelieving, Mocked alike thy coming and thy kin; Oh marvel now that one thy grace receiving Hath no room, or fails to ask thee in!

No room for thee, though knowing all thy story,

From manger-bed to cross on Calvary;
Content with darkness that shuts out the glory,
They behold who watch and dwell with thee;
Sleep, little children, who to-night have taught
me

More than learned preacher of my sin; For lo! the risen Christ again has sought me, Hath come back, and I have let him in!

MASTER, IS IT I?

MY Master, at that board I sat to-day,
Whereon the riches of thy love are
spread,—

The blood-red wine, the white and broken bread,—

To feast thy poor disciples by the way.

And as I sat with very many there,

Methought I heard thy voice unto me say,
As unto those who at Jerusalem were,

There is among you one who shall betray!
When first I heard, I thanked thee I was clear
Of such intent; but soon my depth of sin,
My lack of love, and weakness did appear,

To show what faithless follower I had been;
And filled with fear I cried, as now I cry,
Have mercy, Master: Master, is it I?

TRUST ABSOLUTE.

PAUSE, O my soul, and here thy life review:
God honours not such service, poor and
mean;

Shalt thou to all the world be steadfast, true,
And in thy sorrows only on him lean?
Thou canst not wander thus, as suits thy will,
And have thy way, and cold and selfish
be,—

Denying thus his name, while claiming still His gracious help, when so it pleases thee:

Nay, not so;
If thou thy Lord wouldst know,
No more his right dispute;
Be thy trust absolute
If daily thou in grace and truth wouldst grow.

Tell me, O soul as here I question thee,
If now thy gains count equal to the loss?
Look o'er the world: Ah, has it brought to thee
From mine or mart that which outweighs the
cross?—

His cross, and he thy Lord, as Lord of all,
Whose great heart o'er thee yearns, while even
here

These words of sweetest pity on thee fall,—
My perfect love can cast out every fear.

Even so:

And thou this love mayst know,

This wondrous gain compute;

Be thy trust absolute,

And evermore in grace and knowledge grow.

Call'st thou the service hard—the recompense
Of the reward unworthy? Not of old
So seemed it to thee. Know ye not from whence
This change and loss? Only thyself behold.

Ye sought out other masters than thy Lord, And would have other loves though losing him, Unconscious of thy loss and his reward:

Ah, who can follow when the eyes are dim!

Was't not so?

Thy Lord how could ye know
When thou wast blind and mute?
Be thy trust absolute
If daily thou in grace and truth wouldst grow!

Comes there not now a vision of long ago?

Thou art as Jacob wrestling at the day;

Let not the angel silent from thee go,—

Send thou the world, and not the Lord, away!

Lovest thou me, and more than these? Such word

He spake to Peter. Answer as did he
Out of the depths,—Thou knowest all things,

Lord—

That with my better self I do love thee!

Loving so,

Hence let me always know
Thy will, my own be mute;
And with trust absolute,

Buthy dear help in grace and knowledge grow !

LONGINGS.

WEARY, Lord, of struggling here
With this constant doubt and fear,
Burdened by the pains I bear,
And the trials I must share,—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the rest that's found in thee.

Weakened by this wayward will Which controls, yet cheats me still; Seeking something undefined With an earnest, darkened mind,— Help me, Lord, again to flee To the light that breaks from thee.

Fettered by this earthly scope In the reach and aim of hope, Fixing thought in narrow bound Where no living truth is found,— Help me, Lord, again to flee To the hope that's fixed in thee.

58 "THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING."

Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak, Lord, thy grace again I seek; Turn, oh turn me not away,— Help me, Lord, to watch and pray, That I never more may fice From the rest that's found in thee.

"THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING."

O THOU eternal and all-sovereign One,
By whom the worlds with all they hold
were made,—

The Father's well-beloved, and the Son,

To whom coequal honour shall be paid!

One word of thine, and even the mightiest hills

Would shake and fall, the ocean cease its

roar.

And all that comforts or with pleasure fills
The heart of man, be seen and felt no more!
How can I comprehend
That thou wilt be my friend?
I know, O Lord, that I have need of thee,—
But what am I that thou art wanting me?

The stars that bless the highway of the night,
The sun, whose steady glory fills the day,
And hosts of angels, constant in their flight,
With all material things thy will obey.
Of these not one in all their courses fail,—
They ever for thy service on thee wait;
While all combined powers could not prevail
To shake thy kingdom, which alone is great:
Lord, can I comprehend
That thou shouldst be my friend?
I know, O Lord, that I have need of thee,—
But what am I that thou art wanting me?

I am as but the balance dust—a mote
Which floats upon the early morning air,
That e'en a mortal king would fail to note,
Or brush aside without a thought or care,—
A passing ripple on the sandy shore,
That rolls and breaks, but has no power to stay;
Or, at my best, one who might be no more,
With few to miss him in the common way:
How can I comprehend
That thou wilt be my friend?

That thou wilt be my friend?

I know, O Lord, that I have need of thee,—

But what am I that thou art wanting me?

O Lord, I thank thee that thou hast revealed Such love, and honour put on one so me. Thy grace the hidden mystery hath unsealed I, all unworthy, have thy glory seen! And yet the wonder grows no less that I May call thee Master, and thy dear name! Or that thou, Lord, for such as me shoulds. And ever have me in thy loving care:

I cannot comprehend, Yet know thou art my friend, As that I evermore have need of thee,—

But what am I that thou art wanting mei

THE ASHES OF LIFE.

OVER the stormily tossing sea, Scattered with flecks of white, Wailing in mournful minstrelsy, Sweeps the wild wind to-night, Dashing, in fitful gusts, the rain 'Gainst my quivering window pane.

Never was sky so weird and strange! Clouds so ragged and wild,

Over the limitless surface range, Hiding the moonlight mild; Parting anon to discover a star Raging again like giants at war.

One after one on the embers low,
Flaming with fitful blaze,
Drop from my hand regretfully slow,
Records of bygone days.
Letters of many a happy hour,
Glowing with beauty and love's strange power.

I have read them over until I seem
Back in that halcyon day,
When I lived such a tender happy dream,
Born with the buds of May.
When never a thought of pain or care
Troubled the fragrant ambient air.

But now as I watch the oft read leaves Curl with a vivid flame,
Then drop to ashes, my spirit grieves,
My heart repeats a name.
Once it held all the joys of life;
Now is it sound with sorrow rife.

For where once the flame of love was bright,
Pure and free from sin,
Naught but the ashes, cold and white,
Marks where the fire has been.
And I stifle a bitter, bitter cry,
To think that ever true love should die.

Now the last spark of fire has fled,
And on the darkened hearth,
Only the feathery ashes dead,
Hint what the flame was worth.
Does ever he think, in his life so light,
Of the old fond dream, I have burned to-night.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes God's meekest Angel gently comes; No power has he to banish pain, Or give us back our lost again; And yet in tenderest love, our dear And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance

He mocks no grief with idle cheer, Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear; But ills and woes he may not cure He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way, With longings for the close of day; He walks with thee, that Angel kind, And gently whispers, "Be resigned: Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

"IT IS WELL."

BELOVED, "It is well."

God's ways are always right;

And love is o'er them all,

Though far above our sight.

Beloved, "It is well."

Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds who skills to bind
And heal the broken heart.

Beloved, "It is well."

Though sorrow clouds our way,
"Twill make the joy more dear

That ushers in the day.

Beloved, "It is well."

The path that Jesus trod,

Though rough and dark it be,

Leads home to heaven and God.

OUR ONE LIFE.

'TIS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we— Frail, fleeting man!

How sacred should that one life ever be— That narrow span! Day after day filled up with blessèd toil, Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air, No vacant dream;

No fable of the things that never were But only seem.

'Tis full of meaning as of mystery, Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night— No idle tale;

No cloud that floats along a sky of light, On summer gale.

They are the true realities of earth—
Friends and companions even from our birth.

- O, life below, how brief, how poor, and sad!

 One heavy sigh.
- O, life above—how long, how fair, and glad t An endless joy.

Oh, to have done for aye with dying here! Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

O, day of time, how dark! O, sky and earth,
How dull your hue!
O, day of Christ, how bright! O, sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;

Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

THE GLORY RESERVED.

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below Such radiant gems are strewn, O what magnificence must glow, My God! about Thy throne! So brilliant here those drops of light, Where the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil—
What splendour at the shrine must dwell?

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord! one beam of Thine,
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine!

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays;
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

ONE IN CHRIST.

ONE baptism, and one faith,
One Lord, below, above!
The fellowship of Zion hath
One only watchword,—Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is One;
One priest before the throne,—

The Crucified, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Oh, why should they who love
One Gospel to unfold,
Who look for one bright home above,
On earth be strange and cold?
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness?

Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
The utterance of His latest care,
Ere to His Throne He passed,—
No longer unfulfilled remain
The world's offence, the people's stain!

Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic,—the true,—
On her disjointed members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

SUBMISSION.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."— PSALM lxv. 2.

FATHER divine! to Thee
In this the holy, solemn autumn-time,
My soul anew would consecrated be;
My aims, my hopes, my wishes all be Thine.

Let every storm be stayed,

Each throb of selfish care forgotten be;

My heart, no more of earthly ills afraid,

Resigns its all to Thee!

Calm dawn of peace,

O bless my soul once more, a welcome guest, Bid each rude chord of worldly passion cease, And sorrow bring no more its dark unrest.

Thou, before whom

The purest angel veils his radiant face,
To Thee, the High, the Holy One, I come
Pleading for strength, for mercy, and for
grace.

Thou who dost see

The agony a human heart can bear,
In loneliness I yield to Thy decree;
In loneliness beseech Thy hand to spare.

Weary of life the wounded spirit faints,
Yet bows in confidence beneath Thy rod;
The hour will come when, freed from earth's
restraints,
My soul shall know Thee nearer, oh my God!

A little way
Still reaches onward in this human strife:
Press on, my soul, for an eternal day
Shall consummate the close of mortal life.

Imperfect though my prayer,

My heart its future state resigns to Thee:

If but Thy favour I may seek to share,

My lot whilst here can never hopeless be.

Faint not, nor weary be,

All sorrow ceases when the goal is won;

I would with joy be what thou makest me:

Father in earth as heaven, Thy will be done!

"COULDST THOU NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?"

THE night is dark; behold the shade was deeper

In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,—
Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with
me?

Oh thou, so weary of thy self-denials, And so impatient of thy little cross, Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials, To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely

The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;

Watch thou in patience through this hour only,

This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and
valley,

But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee, With Him who trod the wine-press all alone; Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee, One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images for ever thronging
From out the foregone life thou liv'st no more;
Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim;
Declaring before God their dedication,—
So far from thee, because so near to Him.

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription:
"Behold! we count them happy who endure"?
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy true and glorious promise
For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us,
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking

Some easier way, as all have sought before, To silence the reproachful inward speaking, Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thy inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

O that thy faithless soul one hour only Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life;

Despised with Jesus,—sorrowful and lonely,— Yet calmly looking upward in the strife. For poverty's free self-renunciation,
Thou, Father, yieldest back a thousand-fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher, Thy weary soul can only find its peace; Seeking no aid from any human creature, Looking to God alone for his release.

And He will come in His own time and power, To set His earnest-hearted children free; Watch only through this dark and painful hour, And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

THE SECOND COMING.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh:
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

Oh! wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel-choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand!

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee

JOY IN CHRIST.

REJOICE in Christ alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.
Rejoice, when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress,
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice, when festal boughs
Our winter walls adorn,
And Christians greet with hymns and vows
The Saviour's natal morn.
Rejoice, when mourning weeds
The widowed church doth wear,
In memory of her Lord who bleeds,
While Christians fast to prayer.

Rejoice, in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth:

When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ His brethren calls—
Who hear and know His guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls.

Yet not to rash excess,

Let joy like ours prevail;

Feast not on earth's deliciousness,

Till faith begins to fail.

Our temperate use of bliss,

Let it to all appear;

And be our constant watchword this—

The Lord Himself is near!

Take anxious care for nought,

To God your wants make known;
And soar on wings of heavenly thought
Toward His eternal throne;
So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

STILL WITH THEE.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee; Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness—I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of nature newly born! Alone with Thee in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn!

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast,

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber, Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading, But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

L

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee,
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with
Thee!

THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING

"In the day when I cried, Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul"—Psalm cxxxviii. 3.

SAVIOUR, beneath Thy yoke
My wayward heart doth pine;
All unaccustomed to the stroke
Of love divine:
Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

"Perishing child of clay!
Thy sighing I have heard;
Long have I marked thy evil way,
How thou hast erred!
Yet fear not—by my own most holy name
I will shed healing through thy stricken frame."

Praise to Thee, gracious Lord!

I fain would be at rest;
O now fulfil Thy faithful word
And make me blest;
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
And take, with joyfulness, the promised crown.

"Stay, thou short-sighted child!
There is much first to do.
Thy heart so long by sin defiled
I must renew;

Thy will must here be taught to bend to Mine.

Or the sweet peace of heaven can ne'er be thine."

Yea, Lord, but Thou canst soon
Perfect Thy work in me,
Till, like the pure, calm summer noon,
I shine by Thee—

A moment shine, that I Thy power may trace,

Then pass in stillness to Thy heavenly place.

"Ah! coward soul, confess
Thou shrinkest from My cure,
Thou tremblest at the sharp distress
Thou must endure:
The foes on every hand for war arrayed,
The thorny path in tribulation laid.

"The process slow of years,
The discipline of life,
Of outward woes and secret tears,
Sickness and strife—
Thine idols taken from thee one by one,
Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.

"Some gentle souls there are,
Who yield unto my love,
Who, ripening fast beneath My care,
I soon remove;
But thou stiff-necked art, and hard to rule,
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."

My Maker and my King!
Is this Thy love to me?
Oh that I had the lightning's wing,
From earth to flee—

How can I bear the heavy weight of woes
Thine indignation on Thy creature throws?

"Thou canst not, O my child,
So hear My voice again—
I will bear all thy anguish wild,
Thy grief—thy pain;
My arms shall be around thee, day by day,
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

"In sickness I will be
Watching beside thy bed,
In sorrow thou shalt lean on Me
Thy aching head;
In every struggle thou shall conqueror prove,
Nor death itself shall sever from My love."

O grace beyond compare!
O love most high and pure!
Saviour, begin, no longer spare,
I can endure;
Only vouchsafe Thy grace, that I may live
Unto Thy glory, who canst so forgive.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

OT here! not here! not where the sparkling waters

Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters;
I shall be satisfied—but O! not here!

Not here—where every dream of bliss deceives us, Where the worn spirit never gains its goal; Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,

Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,

And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us.
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning

For sweet companionship with kindred minds;

The silent love that here meets no returning—

The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longings—

The aching void which nothing earthly fills?

O! what desires upon my soul are thronging

As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending; Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide! Guide me towards home, where all my wanderings ending,

I then shall see Thee, and "be satisfied."

ABIDE IN ME AND I IN YOU.

THAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,

Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me! Weary of striving, and with longing faint,

I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee!
From this good hour, O leave me never more!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,

The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love

Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin;

Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,

And keep my soul as Thine, calm and

divine:

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand
divine.

Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords Till every note and string shall answer Thine. Abide in me: there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy
power;

Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hush'd, Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me and they shall ever be;
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps

The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain, If there I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy serenest eyes the tender thought. Will not thy own meek heart demand me there, That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer;
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in
Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,

In the resplendence of that glorious sphere, And larger movements of the unfettered mind, Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last: Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light

Awaits thee there; for thou hast bowed thy

will

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,

And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the
scroll;

And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name;
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the
same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home, 'The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

CITY OF GOD.

MY feet are worn and weary with the march
O'er the rough road and up the steep
hill-side.

O City of our God! I fain would see

Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, toiling on, Day after day, for perishable meat.

O City of our God! I fain would rest— I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-scat.

My garments travel-worn and stained with dust, Oft rent by briers and thorns that crowd my way,

Would fain be made, O Lord my righteousness! Spotless and white in Heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin, Impiety, and scorn upon the earth.

O City of our God! within thy walls
All—all are clothed again with thy new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn, The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too; His garments stained and travel-worn and old, His vision blinded with a pitying dew. Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on and wait in patience for thy rest.
O City of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls—Home of the loved and blest.

THE CALM OF THE SOUL.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,

And billows wild contend with angry roar— 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion, That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth, And silver waves chime ever peacefully, And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth, Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, Purest!

There is a temple sacred evermore,

And all the babble of life's angry voices

Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And living thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee!

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!

Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never,
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy for ever and for ever.

GRATITUDE TO CHRIST.

I LOVE Thee, O my God! but not For what I hope thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not Must die eternally.
I love Thee, O my God! and still I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art,
Who first has loved me.

For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace.

Q2 WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE!

For me didst suffer pains unknown, Blood-sweat and agony, Yea, death itself—all, all for me, For me, Thine enemy.

Then shall I not, O Saviour mine!
Shall I not love Thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord!

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

WHAT your weeping ones were saying Eighteen hundred years ago,
We the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe.
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And in joyous song outgushing,
Rise in raptures, Lord, to Thee;
For before the way was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heaven descended,
And have rolled away the stone!

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us
Never pours on us its rain,
Many a grief we see before us
Never comes to cause us pain;
Ofttimes in the feared to-morrow
Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown.
Ask not then, in foolish sorrow,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness,
Make a wiser better choice,
Drink the wine of life with gladness,
God doth bid thee, Saint, "rejoice."
In to-day's bright sunlight basking,
Leave to-morrow's cares alone;
Spoil not present joys by asking,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

FINISHED WORK.

FINISHED work! For Jesus dieth;
Woes and stripes and sufferings cease.
Finished work! For Jesus liveth,
Leaving us His perfect peace.

Finished work! Oh, blessed promise, Toiling, fainting by the way; Finished work shall we accomplish If we only watch and pray.

Finished work! Oh, Holy Spirit,
Help our faith and keep us pure!
Finished work! The Master saith it,
Like the rock His word is sure.

Finished work! When it is ended,
Perfect love shall cast out fear.
Finished work! Co-working with Him,
In His form shall we appear.

Finished work! Oh, glorious foretaste!

Leaning then on Jesus' breast;

Finished work! No tears, no sorrow,

But eternal, heavenly rest.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

L ONG since, a dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft;
But hearing still, in middle song,
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,

The harping sinks to low lament;

Before the still uplifted veil

I see the crowned foreheads bent,

Making more sweet the heavenly air,

With breathings of unselfish prayer;

And a Voice saith: "O Pity which is pain,

O Love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which remain!

"Shall souls redeemed by me refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin-forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern?

Has saintly ease no pitying care?

Has faith no work, and love no prayer?

While sin remains, and souls in darkness dw

Can heaven itself be heaven, and look unmov

on hell?"

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,
A wind of heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's de

And through the dreary realm of man's desp: Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo! Go hope is there!

Is it a dream? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air?
Its happy eyes forever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer!
My God! my God! if thither led
By Thy free grace unmerited,
No crown nor palm be mine, but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that s
can ween.

THE MEETING PLACE.

ī.

THE daylight has faded over the sea,
The shadows are gathering heavily,
The waters are moaning drearily,
And there is no haven in sight for me—

Only a black, wild, angry haven;
Only a rolling, moaning sea;
And a small, weak bark by the tempest driven
Hither and thither helplessly.
For I am alone on this moaning sea;
Alone, alone, on the wide, wild sea!
Only God stands by in the dark by me,
But his silence is worse to bear than the moan
Of the dreary waters that will not stay;
And I am alone—ay, worse than alone,
For God stands by, and has nothing to say!
And Death is creeping over to me—
Creeping across the drear black sea—
Creeping into the boat with me!

And he will sink the small, weak bark, And I shall float out in the dreary dark,

Dead, dead, on the wide, wild sea: A dead face up to the cruel sky— Dead eyes that had wearied sore for the light— A dead hand floating helplessly, Tired with hard rowing through all the night; This is what Thou shalt see, O God! From Thy warm, bright home beyond the cloud Thou denied'st me light, though it overflowed, And there was not room for it all in heaven-Thou denied'st one ray unto me, O God! By the windy storm and tempest driven; Thou shalt look on my lost face. God, and see What it was to die in the dark for me! But I cannot reach Him with this wild crv-I cannot reach Him with this poor hand: Peaceful He dwells in the peaceful land, And the smile on His face is untouched by me-Only another Eternity lost, Only another poor soul gone down, Far out at sea while He smileth on! The songs of Heaven are loud and sweet, And thrill His heart with joy; it is meet That He should not catch the far-off moan Of another soul undone-undone!

Here we part, O God!
Thou to Thy life and light,
To the home where Thy dear ones gather to Thee,
I to my Death and Night,
A lost thing, with nothing to do with Thee;
Drifting drearily out to sea.
Thou hast shut from Thee my feeble prayer;
Let us part, O God!

TT.

Through the darkness over the sea
A voice came calling—calling to me—
A gentle voice through the angry night,
And I thought, "Some one else is out to-night,
Out, out, on the wide, wild sea;
Can it be any one seeking for me?"
So I answered as well as I could from my place,

Though the wind and rain were beating my face,
And through the darkness over the sea
Still the voice came calling, calling to me;
Nearer and nearer it came to me,
And one came into the boat from the sea.
The wind fell low round my little bark

As a wounded hand touched mine in the dark, And a weary head on my breast was laid; And a trembling voice, as of one whom pain Had done to death, in a whisper said, "I had nowhere else to lay my head."

TTT.

And it was thus that He came to me;
I had spoken against Him bitterly,
As of one who sat smiling on in heaven—
Smiling and resting peacefully—
While I was perishing tempest driven;
But it was thus that He came to me,
Through the deep waters struggling on,
Wherein standing or foothold found He none;
The wild wind beating about His face,
Fainting and sinking in that dark place;
He had been weary and far from home,
Struggling forsaken, alone—alone!

So out in the night on the wide, wild sea,
When the wind was beating drearily,
And the waters were moaning wearily,
I met with Him who had died for me.

COME!

OH, word, of words the sweetest!
Oh, word in which there lie
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery!
Sorrowing or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

Sometimes so far I've wandered,
So lost I seem to be,
That faintly, like an echo,
I hear the "Come to Me!"
"Where art Thou, O Beloved?"
Bewildered, sad, I cry;
Then, following that sweet summons,
Till at His feet I lie.

Oh, soul! why should'st thou wander From such a loving Friend? Cling closer—closer to Him, Stay with Him to the end.

Alas! I am so helpless, So very full of sin, Forever I am wandering And coming back again.

Oh, each time draw me nearcr,
That soon the "Come!" may be
Naught but a gentle whisper
To one close, close to Thee;
Then, over sea or mountain,
Far from or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whispered "Come!"

INTO HIS HANDS.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth add tender love
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course;
When winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Put then thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done,
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fear,

Hope, and be undismayed,
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears—
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves and clouds and storm,
He gently cleaves the way;
Wait, then, His time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sinks thy spirit down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet earth and heaven and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And doeth all things well.

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand;
Far, far above thy thoughts
His counsel shall appear
When fitly He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee;
Oh, lift then up the sinking heart,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

"MORTALLY WOUNDED."

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here—or there!

A bowing, burdened head, Only too glad to rest, Unquestioning, upon A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Her cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past!
I am willing not to do,
At last, at last!

My half-day's work is done, And this is all my part: I give a patient God My patient heart;

And grasp His banner still.

Though all its blue be dim;

These stripes, no less than stars,

Lead after Him.

Weak, weary and uncrowned, I yet to bear am strong; Content not even to cry, "How long! How long!"

WITH FAITH AND PRAYER.

WITH faith and prayer,
Dear Lord! the burden Thou hast sent
I gladly bear,
For His dear sake who went—
With mortal anguish rent,
Up Pilate's stair—
And from his judgment-hall
Bearing His cross in weakness for us all.

The faith, how small
O Lord! with which I tread the way.
Give, at my call,
Faith that, from day to day,
Is fed by Christ alway.
I shall not fall;
But prove the promise blest,
"We which believe, do enter into rest!"

The prayer, how weak,
O Lord! that lifts my heart to Thee.
But this I seek—
This one thing give to me—
Help my infirmity;
Within me speak,
And by the Spirit taught
I shall know what to pray for as I ought.

From pain and care,
O Lord! I seek not to be free.
But this my prayer—
Open my eyes to see
That Thou art leading me,
Then I can bear
To walk in darkness still,
Walking with Thee, submissive to Thy
will.

Clouds come and go,
But, Lord, clouds only make more bright
The after glow!
After the darkest night
Will come the morning light,

And well I know
The morn itself may hide
Its face, but light shall be at even-tide.

Home is more near,
O Lord, by every passing day;
Home is more dear
By every prayer I pray—
By every footstep of the way
That brings me there.
Where Thou art, let me be,
For where Thou art is Home and Heaven to me.

"A little while!"

Dear, Lord, the precious words are thine!
A little while!

The blessed hope is mine,
Till on these eyes shall shine
Thy radiant smile,
And thine own hand of grace
Shall wipe all tears from my uplifted face.

"THIS I DID FOR THEE—WHAT DOEST THOU FOR ME?"*

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou might'st know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?

My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;

^{*} Motto placed under a print of Christ in the study of a German

I left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for Me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

O let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
Work-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to Me,
And I will welcome thee!

HE IS MY SHEPHERD.

HE is my Shepherd, I His sheep;
I do not want to know
Whether the way be soft or steep
By which I am to go.
If green and smooth the mountains be,
I need not ask for more;
If stony, He will carry me,
As He has done before.

He is my Shepherd, I His sheep,
We travel onward still,
By pools, where water lilies sleep,
By many a quiet hill;
I feed in many a grassy dell,
I drink the waters clear;
The gracious Voice I know so well
Is music to my ear.

He is my Shepherd, I His sheep;
I wandered once, I know;
I heard Him on the mountains weep,
That I should leave Him so.

I trembled, as I faintly guessed
A sorrow so divine,
For as He clasped me to His breast
The blood gushed forth on mine.

He is my Shepherd, I His sheep,
And what if death be near?

The shadows up the valley creep,
And yet I do not fear;
As closer to His side I cling,
I feel the way so true

With which His love was pledged to bring,
And safe has brought me through.

He is my Shepherd, I His sheep;
We journey on and on,
At last a smile upon His lips
Shall tell me all is won.
The table that He spreads for me
My foes shall all behold,
And in these trembling fingers see
His cup of royal gold.

The cup He put so gently by When death was drawing near, He freely fills for such as I,
And tells me not to fear.
And for those funeral odours shed
Upon His dying brow,
He pours the oil of joy instead
On each disciple now.

Shepherd, Good Shepherd! turn and see!
I follow far behind,
Thy voice of mercy calling me,
Comes borne on every wind.
Set wide Thy Father's open door,
That I the light may see
And in His house forever more
At last abide with Thee.

WALKING IN WHITE.

O LORD my God, 'tis early dawn,
And I would walk with Thee to-day!
Clothe me in garments white and clean,
All bright and beautiful, I pray.
Grant I may walk with greatest care,
So I may keep their lustre bright;

To-day, my Father, hear my prayer, And let me walk with Thee in white.

The road was thorny yesterday.

Because I walked so far from Thee;

Yet oft I heard Thee kindly say,

"Come nearer, child; come near to me!"

With garments soiled on yestereve,

I grieved to view the painful sight;

To-day, my Father, O reprieve,

And let me walk with Thee in white!

Now may I plunge within the tide— That fount for all our guilt and woe, Once opened in my Saviour's side; 'Twill make my garments white as snow, With hands and feet, with head and heart, All clean and pure before thy sight. Not for one moment, Lord, depart, But let me walk with Thee in white!

No thought, no word, no deed to-day, Which may displease my blessed Lord; No idle loitering by the way, But sweetly trusting in Thy Word. Whate'er my hands may find to do, That may I do with all my might: To-day, my Father, pure and true, Grant I may walk with Thee in white.

The failures of the yesterday,
The cares which may to-morrow come:
Each tear, each fear, now chase away,
And guide me on my journey home.
And when the evening shadows fall,
And I come kneeling in Thy sight,
Then may I feel, my Lord, my all,
That I have walked with Thee in white.

And can I walk each day with Thee, With robes all white, and pure, and clean? Oh, tell me, Saviour, can I flee Forever from that monster—sin? I know that in our home above, Thy saints in all their full delight Shall bask within redeeming love, And always walk with Thee in white.

THE CROSS-BEARER.

WHEN I set out to follow Jesus,
My Lord a cross held out to me;
Which I must take, and bear it onward,
If I would His disciple be.
I turned my head another way,
And said, Not this, my Lord, I pray!

Yet as I could not quite refuse Him,
I sought out many another kind,
And tried among those painted crosses
The smallest of them all to find.
But still the Lord held forth my own:
This must thou bear, and this alone.

Unheeding then my dear Lord's offer My burdens all on Him to lay, I tried myself my cross to lighten, By cutting part of it away.

And still the more I tried to do, The rest of it more heavy grew.

Well, if I cannot go without it,
I'll make of it the most I may;

And so I held my cross uplifted,
In sight of all who came that way.
Alas! my pride found bitterly,
My cross looked small to all but me!

And then I was ashamed to bear it,
Where others walked so free and light,
And trailed it in the dust behind me,
And tried to keep it out of sight.
Till Jesus said, Art thou indeed
Ashamed to follow as I lead?

No! no!—Why this shall be my glory—All other things I'll count but loss.

And so I even fashioned garlands,

And hung them round about my cross.

Ah, foolish one! such works are dead:

Bear it for me, the Master said.

And still I was not prompt to mind him,
But let my self-will choose the way;
And sought me out new forms of service,
And would do all things but obey.
My Lord! I bless Thee for the pain
That drove my heart to Thee again.

I bore it then, with Him before me,
Right onward through the day's white heat;
Till, with the toil and pain o'ermastered,
I fainting fell down at His feet.
But for His matchless care that 'day,
I should have perished where I lay.

But oh, I grew so very weary

When life and sense crept back once more!

The whole horizon hung with darkness,

And grief where joy had been before:

Better to die, I said, and rest,

Than live with such a burden pressed.

Then Jesus spoke: Bring here thy burden,
And find in me a full release;
Bring all thy sorrows, all thy longings,
And take instead my perfect peace.
Trying to bear thy cross alone!—
Child, the mistake is all thine own.

And now my cross is all supported,—
Part on my Lord, and part on me:
But as He is so much the stronger,
He seems to bear it—I go free.

I touch its weight, just here and here,— Weight that would crush, were He not 'near.

Or if at times it seemeth heavy; And if I droop along the road; The Master lays His own sweet promise* Between my shoulder and the load: Bidding my heart look up, not down, Till the cross fades before the crown.

"POST TENEBRAS LUX."

· I T is His way, and so it must be right;
Although at every step some foot that bleeds

Leaves print of anguish, still our Father leads Through darkness unto light.

So dark it seems! We long for break of day; We know not Jesus on the midnight flood.

Ah, once He trod the path of woe and blood,

His solitary way!

^{* &}quot;The pillow of the promise."-Rutherford.

And yet that path of deepest gloom and woe Led up to glory, greater for the cross

To which He bowed in life-long want and loss,
With "Father, even so!"

For midnight darkness often bears within

Its baffling blackness germs of heaven's light;
God's holiness is not one ray less bright

For all this dark world's sin.

He holds us in the hollow of His hand,
And gives us light as we can bear it now.
His glory's shadow upon Moses' brow
Was brightness far too grand
For sinful Israel's eyes to look upon;
Yet those whose patient hearts seek daily
strength
Shall surely have the eagle's wings at length,

And eagle's vision, clear and bright and

To mount toward the sun.

strong,

E'en here is given those whose hearts are pure; They, seeing Him invisible, endure, Although the way be long. To them a light ariseth; and the day, Hid from Egyptian eyes by dark eclipse, Shines bright as noon, and on their trustful lips Wakes praises while they pray.

And so we need no longer vainly grope, Moaning the poet's death-cry, "Light, more light!"

We need not earth's dark lanterns, for the night Is brilliant with the hope

Of fairer day-dawn than e'er blessed the hills Of God around Jerusalem of old.

Ay! while we watch the east, a flush of gold The glad horizon fills.

For God is light itself: in Him we know There is no darkness; and when we at last Dwell in Him truly, darkness shall be past. And life be all aglow.

O Christian! as the bird that sings at night. Or, as the bird that God has taught to wait Until the daybreak, sing at heaven's gate, For, "after darkness, light!"

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and huch a sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands—
Though heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand and heart and brow.

Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh, beyond this shadow lamp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

MY SHIPS.

ī.

AH, years ago—no matter where,
Beneath what roof or sky—
I dreamed of days, perhaps remote,
When ships of mine that were afloat,
Should in the harbour lie,
And all the costly freights they bore
Enrich me both in mind and store.

What dreams they were of Argosies
Laden in many a clime;
So stoutly built, so bravely manned,
No fear but they would come to land
At their appointed time;
And I should see them, one by one,
Close furl their sails in summer's sun.

And then, while men in wonder stood,
My ships I would unlade;
My treasures vast they should behold,
And to my learning and my gold
What honours would be paid!
And though the years might come and go,
I could but wiser, richer grow.

II.

In later years,—no matter where,
Beneath what roof or sky—
I saw the dreams of days remote
Fade out, and ships that were afloat,
As drifting wrecks go by,
And all the many freights they bore
Lay fathoms deep, or strewed the shore!

While ships of which I never thought
Were sailing o'er the sea;
And one by one, with costlier lade,
In safety all the voyage made,
And brought their freights to me;
What I had lost but trifle seemed,
And I was richer than I dreamed!

No wondering crowd, with envious eye,
Looked on my treasures rare;
Yet they were weightier far than gold;
They still increase, though I grow old,
And are beyond compare:
Would all the restless hearts I see,
Had ships like these that came to me!

IN THE FIELD.

FIGHTING the Battle of Life!
With a weary heart and head;
For in the midst of the strife,
The banners of joy are fled,
Fled and gone out of sight,
When I thought they were so near,

And the music of hope this night, Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting alone to-night—
With not even a stander-by
To cheer me in the fight,
Or to hear me when I cry.
Only the Lord can hear,
Only the Lord can see
The struggle within, how dark and dreather though quiet the outside be.

Lord, I would fain be still
And quiet behind my shield!
But make me to love Thy will,
For fear I should ever yield.
Even as now, my hands,
So doth my folded will
Lie waiting Thy commands,
Without one anxious thrill.

But, as with sudden pain,
My hands unfold and clasp—
So doth my will start up again,
And taketh its old firm grasp.

Nothing but perfect trust,
And love of Thy perfect will,
Can raise me out of the dust,
And bid my fears be still.

O Lord, Thou hidest Thy face;
And the battle clouds prevail;
O grant me Thy most sweet grace,
That I may not utterly fail!
Fighting alone to-night!
With what a sinking heart—
Lord Jesus, in the fight,
O stand not Thou apart!

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint, But who are we to make complaint, Or dare to plead, in times like these, The weakness of our love of ease? Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor ask it less, And count it joy that even we May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,

Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line, We trace Thy picture's wise design, And thank Thee that our age supplies Its dark relief of sacrifice.

Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness, Thy sacrificial wine we press; If from Thy ordeal's heated bars Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,

Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And blest by Thee, our present pain,
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys, The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

REVIVED.

BREAK out my heart in joyous strain,
The sun has conquered night's sad reign,
And sheds down radiance clear;
Soon as the King turned round his face *
My sorrow gave to rapture place!

Now light and life are here,
The spices flow
God's work to show,
Within His garden wrought.
O Lord, my Lord!
By Thy dear Word,
How is my heart continually restored!

In our version the words are:

^{* &}quot;While the King turns round, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof."—German Bible.

[&]quot;Sitteth at his table."

My soul in doubt and bondage lay,
And all my joy had fled away—
I sought Him, He was gone!
My pardon I could call to mind,
But still my Lord I could not find—
'Twas day without the sun!
Then near He drew,
And touched me, too,
With His most gracious hand;
O Saviour mine,

That touch of Thine A Fountain proves of balsam most divine.

Blessing, salvation, Life and Light, And all my wealth and all my might On look of Thine depend;

Just as when earth lies steeped in dew,
Let but the morning sun break through,
Scents from wak'd flowers ascend:

In my heart's ground,
The blossoms found,
Breathe sweet upturned to Thee!
When Thy beams bright
Dispel the night

They raise their drooping faces to the light.

Hosannas to my sun I'll raise,
Break forth my heart in joy and praise,
Break forth in happy song!
Lord, I am all too weak to sing,
I only stammer out, my King,
Thanks that to Thee belong.
Wake up my heart,
All fear, all smart,
Thy Saviour's touch can heal.
Lord Christ, to Thee
All glory be,
Who art the same throughout eternity!

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

THIS is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago—
Quiet, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow.
There, by the bed in the dusty gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands
and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room,
With the fragrance fled away!

Nelly, grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face—
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place;

But the crowds roll on, and the streets are drear,

And the world seems hard with a bitter doom, And Nelly is singing elsewhere—and here (s the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue—

If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she is quiet and buried and
dead,
I should not wonder much:

I should not wonder much;

For she was so young, you know— Only seven years old, And she loved me, loved me so, Though I was gray and old; And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
And it still looked living, when she lay dead,
As she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown dressed,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men, with their prayers
untrue—

Nay, rather she sits at God's own side, And sings as she used to do!

TRUST.

I CANNOT see with my short human sight, Why God should lead this way or that for me;

I only know He saith, "Child, follow me;"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;

I only know God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray:
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path;
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To know, while here, the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever!
So I can trust.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

JERUSALEM the Golden,
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance, and in dream!
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden,
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a singing,
Of the same secret knows!
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see,
But all these summer raptures
Are prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden,
When sunset's in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches,
Through intermediate gloom,
Are waving with their welcome,
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem the Golden,
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrows olden
For ever triumphing!
Lowly may be thy portal
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal!—
God's palace for his poor.

Jerusalem the Golden,
There all our birds that flew,—
Our flowers but half unfolden,
Our pearls that turn'd to dew,—
And all the glad life music
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us,
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden,
I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands and pray
That midst thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

MY wound is deep, I fain would sleep; O
Lord,
I stretch my hands to Thee!
Do Thou according to Thy faithful word,
And set Thy servant free!

Sore hath the battle been, but Victory
Crowned me as evening fell;
Now heart and flesh are failing, let me see
The land where I would dwell.

The battle-field is cold and silent now,
Its thunders sunk to rest;
And I can feel the touch upon my brow
Of low winds from the West:

The clouds of sleep, the last and longest sleep.

Are heavy on mine eyes;

They cannot watch, dear Lord, they cannot wee Beneath Thy dark'ning skies.

What time the angel, Victory, came down
To bid my conflict cease,
And crowned my tired soul with the shinir

Of Righteousness and Peace,

crown

That instant broke the sound as of a knell
On the faint evening's breath;
And on my parched mouth, like the dew there
fell

The soft sweet kiss of Death;

- For Victory and Death walk hand in hand Down all the battle-field—
- One ruddy as the dawn, the other grand, But pale behind his shield;
- And whom God loves, to whom is victory On such a field as this,
- Receive the radiant angel's crown, and see The pale cold angel's kiss;
- That kiss has made my spirit faint and weak; Lord, take me to Thy breast;
- Oh, fold me closely, where the weariest seek And find Eternal Rest.
- Christ, who has been my perfect sun by day, Will be my star by night;
- On my deep rest the Lord shall shine alway, An everlasting Light.
- Dimly I see Him, through the clouds that roll Along the dark'ning West:
- O Lord, my Star, by Thy sweet light my soul Doth enter into Rest.

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And took up our baby darling, There to lay him, side by side, With his sister, softly sleeping; Who, ere he was born, had died.

Scarcely was the sad rite ended, And our little one at rest; When beneath the clouds, now lifted, Shone the sun from out the West: Filling earth and sky with beauty; Painting clouds with gorgeous hue; Opening up the path of glory; Bringing gates of pearl to view.

Slowly changed the sunset splendour,
As the evening shades drew nigh,
Into light of clearest amber,
All along the western sky;
When two clouds, of scarce a hand-breadth,
Just above the sun were seen,
All aglow with light that answered,
To its beams of golden sheen.

There they stood, as might God's angels, Ling'ring on the heavenly heights, When come back from glad evangels Taking note of their long flights: Then, as if one thought possessing, Nearer to each other drew; And, as though in fond caressing, Vanished quickly out of view.

'Twas as though our baby children, Stood transfigured to our sight: One, come forth from gate of Heaven, And from out its mansions bright; Welcome bringing to the other, Hast'ning from the earth away:— Sister welcoming the brother, To the realms of endless day.

Was it not a heavenly vision,
Which our Lord in pity sent?
Was not this its kindly mission—
This His merciful intent,
Our grieved hearts to keep from murmu
O'er this second bitter cup,
Which that day in bleak December,
To our lips, we lifted up?

MERCY BEFORE SACRIFICE.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

COME to the clear deep river;
Come where the pastures call;
Give to the great good Giver
The trust that is thy all.
From want eternal fleeing,
Come to an endless store,
Bring thy whole famished being,
For He wants nothing more.

If thoughts of thine appal thee,
Oh, lean on His and live!
To sacrifice they call thee,
While He is here to give.
Accept thy Father's measure
Of need that He can see.
The heart to do His pleasure
Is in His love for thee.

He will not now refuse thee, Weak hand and vision dim; For something He will use thee, But first thou wantest Him. The spirit worn with straying,
Will find His judgment best:
Oh, hear what He is saying,
And yield thyself to rest.

For one transporting minute
The beckoning word obey:
There is a power within it
To bear thee on thy way.
That voice of mercy speaking,
Is God the Saviour's might,
And all thy heart is seeking
Lies safely in its light.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

LED by kindlier hand than ours,
We journey through this earthly scene,
And should not, in our weary hours,
Turn to regret what might have been.

And yet these hearts, when torn by pain,
Or wrung by disappointment keen,
Will seek relief from present cares
In thoughts of joys that might have been.

But let us still these wishes vain;
We know not that of which we dream.
Our lives might have been sadder yet;
God only knows what might have been.

Forgive us, Lord, our little faith;
And help us all, from morn till e'en,
Still to believe that lot the best
Which is—not that which might have been.

And grant we may so pass the days

The cradle and the grave between,

That death's dark hour not darker be

For thoughts of what life might have been.

A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE.

TRUST in the Lord! yea, trust in Him; Renew thy strength again; For He, from whom thy faith was born, That faith will still sustain.

Commit thy way to Him, to whom
Thou dost commit thy soul;
He sees the path by thee unseen:
On Him thy burden roll.

Wait thou on Him: His time is best His wisdom shall declare: Wait thou in patient hope, and trace A Father's tender care.

Rest upon Him, on Him, thy Lord,
Till thou canst see His face;
Folded within each purpose lie
Deep mysteries of grace.

He nourishes the comfortless;
He sends thee gloomy days,
To train thy soul for nobler flight,
And give thee themes for praise.

He sends the blast; He bids the storm Sweep o'er His richest land, To prove the trees of righteousness Are planted by His hand.

He lets the tear mist float above
The valley's fairest spot;
And the budding grass is greenest where
Our earthly joys are not.



He sends His springs among the hills, When other streams decline; And where the flowery gourd hath dropped, He trains His fruitful vine.

Whoso is wise, and all His works
With watchful care discern,
The loving kindness of the Lord
They, even they, shall learn.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while of mingled joy and sorrow,
A few more years to wander thus below;
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of woe.

A few more thorns about our pathway growing, Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly flowers; The morning comes, but, first, the tearful sowing, Ere we repose these weary souls of ours.

A few more hours of weariness and sighing, Of mourning o'er the power of inner sin; A little while of daily crucifying To this vain world, the evil heart within. A little longer in this vale of weeping,
Of yearning for the sinless home above;
A little while our marriage garments keeping
Unspotted, by the power of Him we love.

A little while for winning souls to Jesus, Ere we behold His beauty face to face; A little while for healing soul diseases, By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

A little while to spread the joyful story
Of Him who made our guilt and curse His own;
A little while ere we behold the glory,
To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly crown.

A little while, then we shall dwell for ever Within our bright, our everlasting home, Where time, or space, or death can no more sever Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can never come.

'Tis but a *little* while; the way is dreary,

The night is dark, but we are nearing land;
O for the rest of heaven, for we are weary,

And long to mingle with the deathless band!

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Isaiah lxiii. 1.

THE King of Glory standeth,
Beside that heart of sin,
His mighty voice commandeth
The raging waves within.
The floods of deepest anguish,
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, "Peace be still."

At times with sudden glory,
He speaks and all is done;
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won.
While we with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true,
That e'en our Kingly Jesus,
Can form such hearts anew.

He comes in blood-stained garments; Upon His brow a crown; The gates of brass fly open, The iron bands drop down. From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While the angels shout triumphant
That Christ is Lord of all.

But sometimes in the stillness
He gently draweth near,
And whispers words of welcome
Into the sinner's ear;
With anxious heart awaiteth
The answer to His cry,
The oft-repeated question,
O wherefore wilt thou die?

Or in the gathering darkness,
With wounded feet and sore,
The suppliant Saviour standeth,
And knocketh at the door.
The bleak winds howl around Him,
The unbelief and sin;
Yet Jesus waits entreating
That He may enter in.

He whispers through the portal, He woos us with His love; He calls us to the kingdom,
That waits for us above.
He speaks of all the gladness,
His yearning heart would give;
Tells of the flowing fountain,
And bids us wash and live.

O Christ, Thy love is mighty!
Long suffering is Thy grace!
And glorious is the splendour
That beameth from Thy face!
Our hearts upleap in gladness,
When we behold that love;
As we go singing onward,
To dwell with Thee above!

"TENEO ET TENEOR."

"I HOLD and I am held!" What hold I to;
And what holds me? I hold thy cross,
thou Word

Of the Eternal! Where the envious Jew Pierced Thee, my fingers press nor can be stirred, Though hell oppose! By Thee my soul is held!
By all Gethsemane's agony and grief
United, joined, and naught can break the weld
But my own want of faith—my unbelief!

O God of Calvary! O Lord divine!
Hold me and I am held! I cannot slide
When pressing closely to Thy bleeding side,
Though men and devils 'gainst my soul combine!
Nor shall I wander far, if in the vail
Of Jesus' flesh, my anchor has been cast;
But I shall hear the welcome plaudit—" Hail
Beloved, enter into rest!" at last.

WAITING.

Lord of my nights and days!

Let my desire be,

Not to be rid of Earth,

But nearer Thee—

If I may nearer draw

Thro' lengthened grief and pain;
Then to continue here,

Must be my gain;

Till I have strengthened been,
To take a wider grasp,
Of that Eternal Life,
I long to clasp;

Till I am so refined,
I can the glory bear,
Of that excess of joy,
I thirst to share;

Till I am meet to gaze
On uncreated Light,
Transformed, and perfected,
By that new sight.

Sorrow's long lesson o'er,
Death's discipline gone through,
Thou wilt unfold to me
What Joy can do.

Glad souls are on the wing,

From Earth to Heaven they flee;
At last! Thine hour will come,
To send for me.

Reveal the Mighty Love,
That binds Thy Heart to mine:
Thy Counsels and my will
Should intertwine.

Lord of my heart and hopes!
Let my desire be,
Not to be rid of Earth,
But one with Thee.

BETHANY.

SIX days before the Passover,
The blessed Saviour came
To Bethany, where He remained,
Until His hour of shame;
His last abode was in the home
Of Lazarus, His friend;
Those He had loved while in the world,
He loved unto the end.

The shadow of the Passion lay Brooding on all around,

Though what it meant they could not know,
Its depth was too profound
For mortal eye to search it out,—
Though woman's * love might see
Further than most into the shade
Of that great Mystery.

His sacred Heart in its lone depths
Was heaving at the thought,
That human nature's perfectness
Through suffering must be wrought.
And yet He set His face to go
With firm endurance on,
And rose above the nature weak
That clothed the Eternal Son:

And He did then for evermore
That form of trial bless,
If only sinking hearts to Him
Will turn in their distress:
One ray of glory in the Crown
That on His brow is set,
Is drawn from those deep pangs of Fear,
He never can forget.

^{*} St. Matt. xxvi. 12.

Not for Himself alone He fears,—
That all-foreseeing Eye
Distinguishes each single throb
Of human agony;
He wept o'er every closing grave,
Unto the end of time;
His soul drank in the rising swell
Of sorrow's awful chime.

He took full measure of the grief
Of every separate saint,
As one by one, each on his cross
Must tremble and grow faint:
He knew, though He had given them rest,
They first must find sore strife,
Must seek e'en through the gates of Death
His promised gift of Life.

Yet even then His joy arose
For ever to increase,
In knowing that this suffering host
Would find in Him their peace;
The travail of His soul might bow
That sacred Head to earth,
Yet He is satisfied to see
The new Creation's birth.

He feels the presence of meek love
Already at His side,
The gentle ones who cling to Him,
And breast the world's strong tide;
He sees the eyes that to Him turn,
The hands that seek His own,
Those who in sharpest discipline,
Trust Him, and Him alone.

Apostles, Martyrs, the long line
Of royal, warrior souls,
Flash on Him their triumphant smiles
From where the Future rolls;
The white-robed multitude, whom none
Can number or declare,
Waft Him their floating voice of praise
Already on the air.

Lord! since our griefs on Thee were laid,
And Thou hast felt their sting,
Help us in holiest calm to take
Our turn of suffering:
Thou didst look on unto Thy Joy,
And so by grace will we,
But we would clasp Thy Cross, and feel
We owe that Joy to Thee.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

A LPHA and Omega!

Be Thou my First and Last:
The Source whence I descend,
The Joy to which I tend
When Earth is past.

Open my waking eyes,
And fill them with Thy Light;
For Thee each plan begun,
In Thee each duty done,
Close them at night.

Enfold me when asleep, Let soft dews from above Refresh the long day's toil, Wash off the worldly soil, And strengthen Love.

Men speak of Four Last Things:
Death, and the Judgment Hall,
Hell, and Heaven so fair:
But Thou, O Lord! art there,
Beyond them all.

There is no "last" with Thee, But only our last Sins, Last Sorrows, and last Tears, Last Sicknesses, last Fears, Then Joy begins:

Joy without bound or end, Concentric circles bright, Spreading from round Thy Throne, Flowing from Thee alone, O Love! O Light!

Lay Thy right Hand of Power In blessing on my brow; Heaven's Keys are in Thy Hand, Its Portals open stand, I fear not now.

Lead Thou me gently in,
Thou who through Death hast past:
Then bring me to Thy Throne,
For Thee I seek alone,
My First and Last.

LIGHT BEYOND.

BEYOND the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,

Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,

Soul! thou shalt venture soon.

Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,

Safe in His arms of love,

Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning,

And thy fair home above.

Oh, it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,
The Sabbath morn come on!

And sweet it were the vineyard labour sharing— Sweeter the labour done.

All finished! all the conflict and the sorrow, Earth's dream of anguish o'er;

Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow

On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience; then, patience! soon the pang of dying Shall all forgotten be,

And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying

Beyond the waveless sea,

Shalt know hereafter where thy Lord doth lead thee,

His darkest dealings trace;

And, by those fountains where His love will feed thee,

Behold Him face to face!

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

BY and by! We say it softly,
Thinking of a tender hope
Stirring always in our bosoms,
Where so many longings grope.

By and by! Oh! love shall greet us, In a time that is to come; And the fears that now defeat us Then shall all be stricken dumb. By and by! The mournful sorrows
Clouding o'er our sky to-day
Shall be gone in glad to-morrow,
Shall be banished quite away.

By and by! We say it gently,
Looking on our silent dead;
And we do not think of earth-life,
But of heaven's sweet life instead.

By and by! Oh! say it softly,

Thinking not of earth and care,
But the by and by of heaven,

Waiting for us over there.

BY AND BY.

H^{OW} sweet to think we need not stay forever in this vale of tears,

Not always tread the thorny way that we have sadly trod for years,—

A parched way through a weary land, only bedewed with sweat and tears;

Not always, armed for combat, stand with sword and shield and mailed vest,

And brow by heavy helmet pressed, beset by griefs and doubts and fears,—

A bold and powerful band; not always by delusive hope

In blind, bewildering paths be led, then left in darkness deep to grope

For idols fallen, forbid, or dead!

'Tis sweet to think that by and by our thorny way shall reach the light;

That we shall lay our armour by e'en more than conquerors in the fight;

That every grief and doubt shall fly, and wonderful delight

Her dazzling robes shall round us throw,—her pure robes clean and white.

What though a dark and sullen stream, shrouded in darkness rolls between

That glorious then and now?

Oh! I have stood upon its brink, and seen some 'neath its waters sink

With glory lighted brow.

And then 'tis not an idle dream, of heavenly light there flowed a stream

Across its rushing tide, revealing forms exc ing fair,

Who did our precious ones upbear, with jo song and tender care,

To the bright, better side.

THE DARK ANGEL.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or gr God's messenger sent down to thee. thou

With courtesy receive him; rise and bow And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crav Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;

Then lay before him all thou hast; allow No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow

Or mar thy hospitality; no wave

Of mortal tumult to obliterate

Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief shoul Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate.

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free: Strong to consume small troubles; to comm

Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts ing to the end.

THE OTHER WORLD.

IT lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek Amid our worldly cares: Its gentle voices whisper love, And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat, Sweet helping hands are stirred, And palpitates the veil between, With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they Tis easy now to see

How lovely and how sweet a pass The hour of death may be,—

To close the eye and close the ear Wrapped in a trance of bliss, And, gently drawn in loving arms To swoon to that from this,

Scarce knowing if we wake or sl Scarce asking where we are, To feel all evil sink away, All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us watch 1 Press nearer to our side:

Into our thoughts, into our p With gentle helpings glide

Let death between us be as A dried and vanished str Your joy be the reality, Our suffering life the dr

THE ETERNAL DAY.

DAYS come and go,
In joy or woe:
Days go and come
In endless sum.
Only the eternal day
Shall come, but never go;
Only the eternal tide
Shall never ebb, but flow.
O long eternity,
My soul goes forth to thee!

Suns set and rise
In these dull skies:
Suns rise and set,
Till men forget
The day is at the door
When they shall rise no more.
O everlasting Sun,
Whose race is never run,
Be thou my endless light,
Then shall I fear no night!

ONE YEAR AGO.

ONE year ago a ringing voice, A clear blue eye, And clustering curls of sunny hair, Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile, No glance of eye, No clustering curls of golden hair, Fair but to die.

One year ago, what loves, what schemes Far into life!

What joyous hopes, what high resolves, What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,

The burial stone,

Of all that beauty, life, and joy

Remain alone!

One year, one year, one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair

Above that head:

No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds, That sing above, Tells us how coldly sleeps below

The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?

What rising fair, what glorious life, Where thou hast been?

The veil, the veil! so thin, so strong, 'Twixt us and thee! The mystic veil! when shall it fall,

That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone, But present still,

And waiting for the coming hour Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead, Our Saviour dear! We lay in silence at Thy feet This sad, sad year!

ANGEL PRESENCE.

THERE'S a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in a smiling sleep:
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old;
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a crown laid down in the dust:
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well I and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore;
For I know I shall find my treasure there,—
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

GOD IS.

GOD is; but not to mortal eyes
Is His mysterious presence shown:
We know not where those mansions are,
Not made by hands, around His throne.

This earth is but a vestibule
Unto the inner temple, heaven;
Yet on its walls and roof and floor
Are tokens of God's love engraven.

Two lamps stand ever burning bright
For those who seek the temple door,—
God's holy Book, His holier Son,
To clear whate'er was dark before.

And they who love these heavenly lights
Shall find the earth-home brighter far:
They add new beauty to a flower,
They give new lustre to a star.

Sometimes a sorrow or a doubt,
As chill winds flickering a torch,
Rush o'er us, and we think the lights
Have all gone out in God's great porch.

Then if, in humble, patient prayer, We bide the whirlwind passing by, E'en clouds of trouble will divide, And show the glory beaming nigh.

A little while we walk and wait,
We watch the opening of the door:
Christ calls, and we enter in.
God is: we see Him and adore.

GREY HAIRS.

THESE hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way;
Wherefore, I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun;
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical;
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall;
Wherefore I love that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have, No worse them take than I have meant; That after they be laid in grave,

Their souls may joy, their lives well spent;
God grant, likewise, that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

IN PEACE.

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake, Whose small waves on a silver-sanded shore

Whisper of peace, and with the low winds make

Such harmonies as keep the woods awake, And listening all night long for their sweet sake;

A green-waved slope of meadow, hovered o'er By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light On viewless stems, with folded wings of white; A slumberous stretch of mountain-land far seen Where the low westering day, with gold and green,

Purple and amber, softly blended, fills
The wooded vales, and melts among the hills;
A vinc-fringed river, winding to its rest
On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,

Bearing alike upon its placid breast,
With earthly flowers and heavenly stars impressed,

The hues of time and of eternity:
Such are the pictures which the thought of thee,
O friend, awakeneth,—charming the keen pain
Of thy departure, and our sense of loss
Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.

Lo! on the quiet grave thy life-borne cross, Dropped only at its side, methinks doth shine, Of thy beatitude the radiant sign!

No sob of grief, no wild lament be there, To break the Sabbath of the holy air; But, in their stead, the silent-breathing prayer

Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine.

O spirit redeemed! Forgive us, if henceforth,
With sweet and pure similitudes of earth.

We keep thy pleasant memory freshly green, Of love's inheritance a priceless part,

Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is seen To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,

With pencil dipped alone in colours of the heart.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie Beneath a coldly dropping sky, Yet chill with winter's melted snow, The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast The ventures of thy seed we cast, And trust to warmer sun and rain To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard? Who deems it not its own reward? Who, for its trials, counts it less A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield The sickle in the ripened field; Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought In unison with God's great thought, The near and future blend in one, And whatsoe'er is willed, is done! And ours the grateful service whence Comes, day by day, the recompense; The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed, The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span, The only end and aim of man, Better the toil of fields like these Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain, Like that revives and springs again; And, early called, how blest are they Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,

To harvest weed and tare;

The manna dropping from God's hand

Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong; The graven flowers that wreath the sword Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
To build as to destroy;

Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved

Have marked my erring track;—

That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,

His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm, And all the angles of its strife Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I oven to the day.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

ACTS xx, 35.

- Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another.
- And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother:
- Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
- Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.
- For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
- Seeds (which mildew in the garner) scattered, fill with gold the plain.
- Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
- Help to bear thy brother's burden—God will bear both it and thee.
- Numb and weary on the mountain, wouldst thou sleep among the snow?
- Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

182 IN MEMORIAM OF MY FIRST-BORN.

- Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
- Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.
- Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
- Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.
- Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
- It can only live by loving, and by serving love will grow.

IN MEMORIAM OF MY FIRST-BORN.

THEY told me that my Alice died Like a wave on the sandy shore When the wind is hushed at eventide, And the light of day is o'er.

They said that she sank to rest

Like the zephyrs that warm the deep,

With her white hands closed on her marble breast,

And her blue eyes laid in sleep.

Ah! the sun of life went down

Ere the hours of morn had fled,

And the shadows rolled with an angry frown

O'er my darling's sunny head.

And her heart grew faint and cold

Like the snow on the mountain's breast,
When with frozen wings, on its northern fold,
It lays it down to rest.

Softly she murmured her mother's name,
And her eyes grew bright and blue,
And in their lustrous depths shone the filial
flame
That the old moment knew.

She wafted her parting kiss,
As the winged moments fled,
And sank to sleep in the arms of bliss,
With the sunshine round her head.

They parted the wavy hair
O'er the brow as white as snow,
And closed the lids of her blue eyes fair
That would wake no more below.

And the evening's golden light
Fell on my darling there,
Revealing the form of an angel bright
With the look she used to wear.

THE SILENT RIVER.

SOMEWHERE, where the tide of o ebbs out,

And hushed is the lingering breath, Where the known and the unknown so s meet,

Flows the mystic river of death.

Through the shadowy vale so dark and
Where the eyes grow dim and the pulse
Deep floweth the silent river.

The years pass out from our feverish gra Unheeding each bitter regret; Some darkened with sorrow and grievi some

In a halo of sunshine set.

And each in its passing has borne us on

Yet nearer the shores of the vast unknow

And nearer the silent river.

Sometimes we dream of the beautiful land,
So free from all sorrows and tears,
And with weary hands folded we earnestly long
To rest from our doubtings and fears;
And yet, between us and the longed-for goal
The shadows lie dark, while unceasingly roll
The waves of the silent river.

Watching while loved ones pass over the tide, Slow drifting, far out from our sight, We whisper "Good-by" through our tears, while we place

Sweet roses o'er brows still and white;
We list for some sound from the farther strand;
But no echo floats back from the unknown land
Across the silent river.

Yet I think sometimes in the shadow land
The angels will lovingly wait,
And over the river so dark and so still,
And up to the beautiful gate
Of the city where night ne'er darkens the day,
They will lead them safe through the lonely way
Across the silent river.

And when, to pass over the river so cold,

For my soul the summons shall be,

May the angels of light, from the other shore,

In the shadows be waiting for me,

To safely guide o'er the unknown strand

Through the untried way, to the Better Land

Beyond the silent river.

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.

THOUGH I am slow to trust the Lord, Slow to believe Thy gracious word, Yet sweet Thy promise is to me, "Sufficient is my grace for thee."

Though trials often here, and care, This weary heart of mine must share, How comforting Thy word to me, "My grace sufficient is for thee."

Thus I can triumph in distress, And find that even pain can bless, Feeling how sure Thy word to me, "Sufficient is my grace for thee." Thy love I know, O Lord, can shed, Its beams o'er every path I tread, Reviving me and teaching me, "Sufficient is my grace for thee."

For *Thou* canst feel each grief *I* feel, Canst sympathize, sustain, and heal, And sweetly bring the truth to me, "Thy grace sufficient is for me."

O Saviour! grace on me bestow, Then though my tears may sometimes flow, Thy precious truth my faith shall see, "My grace sufficient is for thee."

And when I see Thee in the light Thy matchless glory makes so bright, Then shall I own, adoring Thee, "Sufficient was Thy grace for me."

SICKNESS.

GOD! whom I as love have known, Thou hast sickness laid on me, And these pains are sent of Thee, Under which I burn and moan; Let them burn away the sin,
That too oft hath check'd the love
Wherewith Thou my heart wouldst move
When Thy Spirit works within!

In my weakness be Thou strong,
Be Thou sweet when I am sad,
Let me still in Thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long.
All that wrings my heart and brow,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love ordains, for Love art Thou.

Suffering is the work now sent;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by:
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain! I bow
To my heavenly Father's will
And receive it hush'd and still:
Suffering is my worship now.

God! I take it from Thy hand As a sign of love, I know Thou wouldst perfect me through woe,
Till I pure before Thee stand.
All refreshment, all the food,
Given for the body's need
Comes from Thee, who lov'st indeed,
Comes from Thee, for Thou art good.

Let my soul beneath her load
Faint not through the o'erwearied flesh;
Let her hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from Thee, my God.
Let the body's pain and smart
Hinder not her flight to thee,
Nor the calm Thou givest me;
Keep Thou up the sinking heart.

Grant me never to complain,
Make me to Thy will resign'd
With a quiet, humble mind,
Cheerful on my bed of pain.
In the flesh who suffers thus,
Shall be purified from sin,
And the soul renew'd within:
Therefore pain is laid on us.

I commend to Thee my life,
And my body to the cross:
Never let me think it loss
That I thus am freed from strife.
Wholly thine! my faith is sure;
Whether life or death be mine
I am safe if I am Thine;
For 'tis Love that makes me pure.

AT THE CROSS.

FLOW, my contrite tears, flow faster,
Thus my guilt and sin bemoan.
Mourn, my heart, in deeper anguish,
Over sorrows not thine own!
See a spotless Lamb draw nigh
To Jerusalem, to die
For thy sins, the sinless One!
Think! ah, think, what thou hast done.

See Him stand, while cruel fetters
Bind the hands that framed the world!
While around Him bitter mocking,
Laughter and contempt are hurled.

Heathen rage and Jewish scorn, Meekly for our sins are borne; Sin has brought Him from above! Who can fathom such a love?

Can we view the Saviour given
To the smiter's hands for us?
Can we all, unmoved, unhumbled,
See Him mocked and slighted thus?
View the thorny chaplet red
On His meek and bleeding head;
Hear the loud and angry din,
And not tremble for our sin?

Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee
In thy toil and sorrow here?
Can I nothing better yield Thee
Than my unavailing tear?
Lamb of God! I weep for Thee,
Weep thy cruel cross to see,
Weep for death that Death destroys,
Weep for grief that brings me joys.

Poor is all that I can offer, Soul and body while I live; Take it, O my Saviour, take it—
I have nothing more to give.
Come, and in this heart remain,
Let each enemy be slain;
Let me live and die with Thee,
To Thy kingdom welcome me.

CHRIST'S LONELINESS.

B^{IRDS} have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;

All creatures have their rest, But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,

The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed

All have their rest from care,

But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then, am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread,
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I who once made Him grieve,
I who once bid His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn.

O why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love
Which would not, could not, cease,
Until it made me heir of joy above.

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,

Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;

Come, Saviour, in my breast,

Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head!

Come! give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lovest, within
A heart, that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

THE CONTENTED HEART.

MY Father and my God
O set this spirit free!
I'd gladly kiss the rod
That drove my trembling soul to Thee
And made it Thine eternally.

Sweet were the bitterest smart
That with the bended knee
Would bow this broken heart;
For who, my Saviour, who could be;
A sufferer long that flies to Thee?

The tears we shed for sin,
When Heaven alone can see,
Leave truer peace within,
Than worldly smiles which cannot be
Lit up, my God, with smiles from Thee.

Then give me any lot,
I'll bless Thy just decree;
So Thou art not forgot,
And I may ne'er dependent be
On any friend, my God, but Thee.

As needle to the pole,
There fix'd but tremblingly,
Such be my trusting soul;
Whate'er life's variations be,
Forever pointing, Lord, to Thee!

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory,

To visit earth, as in the days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?

Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given, When other stars before The One grew dim? Was their last presence known in Peter's prison, Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?

There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;

And many a tear from human eyes has started, Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No: earth has angels, though their forms are moulded

But of such clay as fashions all below;

Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,

We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow:

Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread;

Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,

They stood "between the weeping and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison;
In crowded halls; by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded, That, when its veil of sadness is laid down, Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded, And wear its glory like a starry crown.

A COMPASSIONATE HIGH PRIEST.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view
And days are dark and friends are
few,

On Him I lean, who not in vain, Experienced every human pain. He feels my griefs, He sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

198 A COMPASSIONATE HIGH PRIEST.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the ill I would not do; Still He, who felt temptation's power, Shall guard me in this dangerous hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise, And sore dismayed my spirit dies, Then He who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening anguish of despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers all that was a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while; Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed, For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past, Through every conflict but the last, Still, still unchanging, watch beside My bed of death, for Thou hast died; Then point to realms of endless day, And wipe the latest tear away:

When from my sight all fades away, And when my tongue no more can say, And when mine ears no more can hear, And when my heart is racked with fear; When all my mind is darkened o'er, And human help can do no more,

Then come, Lord Jesus! come with speed, And help me in my hour of need,— Then hide my sins, and let my faith Be brave and conquer e'en in death; Then let me, resting on Thy word, Securely sleep in Thee, my Lord.

WHOLLY THINE.

RISE, O my soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy Time where Time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts
abuse;

But down in darkness let them lie, So live they better, let thy worse thoughts die. And thou my soul, inspired with holy flame, View and review with most regardful eye That holy Cross whence thy salvation came; On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die; For in that sacred object is much pleasure, And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu, I direct my eye,

To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees,
To Thee my heart, shall offer sacrifice;

To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only
sees,

To Thee myself, myself and all, I give, To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

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